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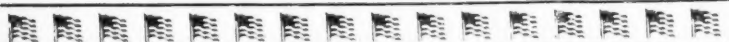


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New Books Received

Orders for any books reviewed in REEDY'S MIRROR will be promptly filled on receipt of purchase price, with postage added when necessary. Address, REEDY'S MIRROR, St. Louis, Mo.

NORTHLIFFE by William E. Carson. New York: Dodge Publishing Co.

The story of the struggles and achievements of Alfred Harmsworth, Lord Northcliffe, now regarded by many as the most powerful man in England, written by a former American correspondent of the Northcliffe papers. Illustrated.

POSTHUMOUS POEMS of Algernon Charles Swinburne. New York: John Lane Co., \$1.50.

Swinburne's habit was to allow miss. to accumulate on his desk until it would hold no more, when he would bundle everything into a newspaper and place it upon a shelf. These bundles were never disturbed until after his death. They have now been examined and edited by Edmund Gosse and Thomas James Wise. The poems cover a period of fifty years.

REINCARNATIONS by James Stephens. New York: Macmillan & Co., \$1.

Poems with the strong savor of the New Old Ireland.

TERENOBLES by John Myces O'Hara. Portland: Smith & Sale.

Beautiful expressions of sorrow for lost dear ones. Classical in method.

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL by Charles Paul. Albany, N. Y.: Hawk Publishing Co.

A pamphlet of verse. Boxed.

THE ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION REVIEW of its war work, public health activities, and medical education projects in 1917; by George E. Vincent, president of the Foundation; sent upon request.

REKINDLED FIRES by Joseph Anthony. New York: Henry Holt & Co., \$1.40.

A novel of youth and Americanization of old world ideals rekindled on new hearths. Frontispiece in color by J. Ormsbee.

THE POTTER'S CLAY by Marie Tador. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Poems.

THE HOLY SPIRIT by William Ives Washburn. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.25.

A layman's conception of the intimate place the Holy Spirit occupies in the inner life of everyone.

GREATHFART by Ethel M. Dell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.50.

A new novel by the author of "The Way of an Eagle." Illustrated.



Two Lots

An elderly man and his wife went to Batesville to look at a lot and with the idea of building a home.

They looked at several in a number of different allotments and finally concentrated on one which the salesman priced at \$2,000.

They went from there to Amesburg, but found that what they wanted would cost \$4,000.

The total difference between the two lots in the two towns was not apparent on the surface, and the elderly man put the question to the salesman of the latter allotment:

"How does it come that you ask \$4,000 for a lot here when I can buy the same sized lot in about these same natural surroundings over in Batesville for one-half the money?"

"Yes," said the salesman, "but we have public improvements here,—water, light, sewers, street pavings, schools, police and a fire department."

The old man thought all these were worth more than a lot in a town where

none of them existed and he paid the money and proceeded to put up his house.

About the time this house was nearing completion a man came along, looked it over and said to the owner: "This is a nice house you are putting up."

"Yes," replied the old man, "it suits me and my wife."

"How much is it going to cost you?" asked the man that came along.

"That's a leading question," replied the owner.

"Yes," said the enquirer, "but I am the tax appraiser; I have a right to know."

"Tax appraiser," exclaimed the old man; "what do I pay taxes for?"

"Why," answered the tax man, "to pay for the police and fire department, the schools and—"

"Yes," replied the owner, "but I paid for all that when I bought this lot; I paid two thousand more for it by reason of all these advantages and improvements than I could have bought a lot in Batesville without them. Why don't you go to the fellow from whom I bought this lot and who has the \$2,000 which I paid by reason of these things?"

"Yes," replied the tax man, "but that ain't the law."—*From the Ground Hog*



Resourceful

Congressman John T. Watkins of Louisiana, explaining the thought that some people have a mighty easy way of explaining things, told the following story: "Some time ago a lawyer was called away from his office for the greater part of the day. On returning he observed certain symptoms of idleness on the part of his clerk. 'James,' demanded the lawyer, 'why hasn't that typewriter been workin'?' 'It has been working,' defensively answered James. 'I was using it less than ten minutes ago.' 'Then,' exclaimed the lawyer, pointing a convicting finger, 'how comes it that there is a spider on the machine and that it has woven a web over the keyboard?' 'A fly got in the works, sir,' easily explained James 'and rather than waste time trying to catch it I introduced the spider.'"



Pat—Well, no wan can prevint what's pasht an' gone.

Mike—Ye could if ye acted quick enough.

Pat—G'wan now! How could ye?

Mike—Shtop it before it happens.—*Boston Transcript.*

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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If I Were President Wilson

By William Marion Reedy

ONCE before I made this my theme. It was long before this country got into the war. The article had no ill effect. I am moved to a repetition of theme and title by a recurrence of something like the conditions that prompted the former essay in what may be called "constructive criticism." Then I thought that if I were President Wilson I would call for a statement of war objects by the belligerents, suggest a conference of adjudication and notify the fighters that if they didn't agree I would cut off all supplies and, if need be, use our force to protect our commerce and the lives of our nationals on the high seas. History did not work out quite that way, but the call for definition of terms was made, and we are now in the war because one of the then belligerents did not keep its word to refrain from sinking our ships and cargoes and killing our citizens.

At present it seems to me that we are in a muddlement like to that existing then. We are befuddled about getting on with the war. We are entangled in red tape and congested in routine. There is endless conflict of authority in and between departments. We are slow in building ships, in transporting supplies, in providing airplanes. What chiefly affects us is a plague of precedent and a curse of bookkeeping. When we started to build airplanes the authorities refused to distribute among all the concerns equipped to make them, orders for the various parts of the machines, and this was done because, as one official said, the authorities could only buy on a cost plus basis and they had not enough accountants to check up costs at all places. This would be funny if it were not tragic in view of the fact that this idolatry of mere bookkeeping has resulted in our not having twenty airplanes of our own manufacture at the front at the end of a year. If I were President Wilson, there would be no more of that.

The Overman bill about to pass will enable the President to make whatever changes may be necessary in any of the departments in order to speed up work. The bill is necessary in order that President Wilson may be the most effective war president it is humanly possible for him to be.

With such enlargement of authority and power, if I were President Wilson I would first get rid of the obsession of fear of criticism in Washington and the first thing I would do would be to put a silencer on the press bureau that has been pretty conclusively shown to have attempted to forestall criticism by misrepresentation of facts. There would be no more faked victories over imaginary submarines, no more photographs of airplanes gone to France when not a single airplane was built, no more guff about a motor absolutely perfect having been completed when it was still being tinkered with five months after the announcement of its perfection. If I were President Wilson I would make the press bureau give out real news. Tell the truth.

Then I would have every purchasing officer understand that if he procured the things required, keeping his hands clean, the matter of profit to the producer need not concern him. I wouldn't have coal production run short by holding mine operators down to a mine-mouth price that kept down production. I would have let Secretary Lane's mine-mouth agreement stand, and not let Secretaries Baker and Daniels

cut it down with the final result of the winter's coal embargo.

If I were President Wilson I wouldn't have the business man paralyzed by dread of being subject to the charge of coining his country's necessity into cash. I would give every business man to understand that he would not be called a heartless profiteer if he charged a fair price, all things considered, for anything he supplied to the government. The manufacturer and transportation man would be told to deliver the goods on time and at place, in good condition, and he would be enabled to do it without obstructive interference by the government machine.

If I were President Wilson the government architects, designers, engineers, and officers generally would be given to understand that they should specify for all work the material that would serve the purpose best and quickest—cast iron, if it will do, instead of cast steel, bar iron instead of steel, metal if need be in place of special woods for airplanes. All super-straining for time-taking perfection would be cut out completely. If I were President Wilson all the government purchasing agents, inspectors, etc., would be told to realize that this war is as much the war of the people who are making supplies as it is of the people who are buying them. The inspectors would be told not to quibble over specifications merely decorative and of no importance as to quality or effectiveness of the material or manufacture. The one consideration should be as to any article or work, will it serve?

If I were President Wilson there would be no changing of designs of machines such as the signal corps staff keeps on making in such numbers that the airplane production has been nothing because they couldn't be made better than the planes in use by our associates in the war.

Oh but, someone says, under such a dispensation, there would be no check upon the rapacity of the war-contractor. That is not so. This policy does not mean blind orders. It means that there would be no haggling and dickering over almost infinitesimal percentages of cost. It means that time and speed would be reckoned as offsetting to a large extent the importance of the minutiae of cost. It means that shortening the war and saving lives would be reckoned as compensating for the loss of some millions of dollars.

If I were President Wilson the government officials would be authorized to deal with manufacturers and miners in the same liberal spirit in which they have been instructed to deal with organized labor. There would not be a readiness to figure labor up on every contract and a determination to figure possible profit down. There would be a recognition of the probability that a war contractor is as patriotic as a workingman.

If I were President Wilson this programme would be put through without its developing into a carnival of graft. There would be the same means there are now for keeping tab on cost, but the system would not be so elaborated that it would get in the way of getting out the goods. The system of checks and balances would not be absolutely abandoned, but it would not be followed so meticulously that it would operate to keep down production and protract delay. Energies needed in getting on with the war would not be dissipated in bookkeeping. More money would not be wasted in keeping up card index systems and the multiplication of ledgers and the mountainous heaping up of files than would serve

to produce the articles thus tabulated, recorded and indorsed and counter-indorsed.

If I were President Wilson I would see to it that under the Overman act the war work would proceed very much as it proceeds under Orders in Council in Great Britain; the officials would operate without too slavish concern for subtle interpretations of statutes, would act in all matters on an emergency basis—for everything is on an emergency basis in war—and with regard only to securing honest goods at honest war prices.

If I were President Wilson I would put this programme forth in chaste and clear Wilsonian phrase and I would tell every man in government work under me that I would back him up to the uttermost limit in everything he does to get and to keep things going to the front, so long as he does not profit by his work or connive at exorbitant profit in supplying poor material or poor workmanship.

If I were President Wilson I'd send word down the line that the order of the day is to get out the stuff and get it where it is needed, and that whoever helps that is acquiring merit. Everybody would be made to understand that after doing his own job in the best and shortest possible manner, his first great duty is to keep from getting in the way of anybody or everybody else. We are at war. The need for speed is urgent. No one now should wait or make others wait.

If I were President Wilson I'd make all the experts soft-pedal their expertise. They are to get results in time, and very little of that. They can postpone perfection until eternity.

This is what I would consider to be the way to construe the authority bestowed by the Overman bill, if I were President Wilson; and I'd go ahead with it and leave congress to talk its head off if it wished. Maybe I might kick a hole in the constitution here and there, but—what will the constitution amount to if the Kaiser wins the war?

If I were President Wilson I'd have the whole country so busy carrying out this policy of mine that nobody would have any time to waste in making hate speeches and persecuting as spies, poor devils who may be German teachers or musicians or artists.

If I were President Wilson the war might cost some hundreds of millions, may be a billion or two more, but I'd hasten its end, save a million lives, and meantime I'd be seeing to it that the men who made the millions or eke the billions would be made to pay for the war in heavy taxation.

♦♦♦♦

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

The Drive Against Lloyd-George

ANOTHER crisis in the British government! Another drive to get rid of David Lloyd-George! It seems that former premier Asquith is picked as his successor. I may be prejudiced in favor of Lloyd-George, but I think there's no man in Great Britain to take his place just now. I know that all the pacifistic elements in the country are against him, because of his uncompromising policy of a knock-out war. All the illiberal elements are against him—the landlords, the opponents of home rule for Ireland. The army caste or clique is against him. This man General Maurice, who accuses the premier of falsifying the number of men on the allied front, showed his animus when at a critical stage of the recent drive he wondered if Blücher would arrive in time—if there was or is a Blücher. That was Maurice's way of discrediting the unification of the allied forces. It was a sneer at the appointment of the Frenchman, Foch, as generalissimo. It was the "come-back" of the disgruntled friends of Generals Robertson and Haig and it is in ugly contrast with the spirit of the United States army in readily consenting to incorporation with either French or British or Italian or Portuguese troops, and a certain sinking of identity, in order to

win the war. British "defeatists" of all stripes and shades are opposed to Lloyd-George. Conservatives of the deepest dye hate him. Their hate has been intensified by his determination to put through home rule for Ireland. It was Asquith who hung up home rule at the beginning of the war. It was Asquith who refused to have court martialled General French and other army officers who said they would not act to suppress Sir Edward Carson's threatened rebellion against the enforcement of home rule. It was Asquith who took Sir Edward Carson, the orange rebel leader, into the government's councils. It was Asquith who held out against the exposure of the blunders of French and even of Kitchener in trying to fight German high explosive big shells with shrapnel. It was Asquith whose policy was "wait and see." Asquith, a splendid lawyer and a great intellectualist liberal, was determined to carry on the war according to antique British tradition. If he had been continued in office the war would have been lost: there wouldn't even have been a minister of munitions. Asquith was and is very much the same kind of man as Haldane. It took the thundering of Lord Northcliffe's press to get both of them out of office. Lloyd-George went into office because he was the only man with the energy and nerve and resourcefulness to take the place. He is accused of having used Lord Northcliffe to oust his former chief. But everybody in Great Britain knows why Asquith was set aside, and if Lloyd-George was false to Asquith, it was because he was true to Great Britain. Lord Lansdowne is an anti-Lloyd-George man, and Lansdowne still quavers tentatively for a peace by negotiation. Lord Northcliffe and his brother Lord Rothermere, honored by Lloyd-George, appear to have turned against him on the Irish question. They want Irish conscription but not home rule. They swung over to the opposition, at least half way, so soon as there was talk of a postponement of conscription pending the establishment of home rule. Sir Edward Carson, who threatened to do what Sir Roger Casement actually did, and technically deserved a like fate to Casement's, got out of the cabinet when he saw home rule coming, and he is now inciting something suspiciously like an orange rebellion again. He too is allied with the forces that want to retire Lloyd-George. Everything in Great Britain that is essentially anti-democratic is anti-Lloyd-George, and the movement against him is brought to a head by an army man who resents the departure from the policy of keeping the different armies of the allies under separate commands. If the truth were fully known it would probably be plain that many of those who want to be rid of the little Welshman are the statesmen who think the war can be settled by an arrangement that will leave the situation in the east as it is, and that will permit a rearrangement of the map. It looks to me as if the anti-George movement is a part of the German peace offensive. It comes just after the Dutch General Colinje's arrival in England to talk peace as an agent of Germany. Lloyd-George is blamed for every blunder from Gallipoli to the Skaagerack. All the sins of Asquith and Churchill are unloaded upon him. It wasn't he, though, who let Turkey get into the war on the German side, after the *Breslau* and the *Goeben* escaped from Messina and got into Constantinople where Turkey bought them. The letter of General Maurice is a blunt, soldier-like document that says simply that both the premier and Bonar Law misstated facts as to allied strength against the drive. How the premier could profit politically by such alleged misrepresentation is not clear. He said that the British had enough men, that the British knew when and where the drive was to come, but that there was a miscalculation. General Gough of the fifth army was suspended. This was criticism of the army. Then came General Maurice's sneering intimation that perhaps there was not any reserve army to come up and stop the drive. Maurice seems to be playing something of the same game that was played at Curragh barracks. The army or a certain part of it

seems inclined to assert itself as bigger than the government. As I see the crisis in Great Britain it is an attempt upon the part of the Tories and defeatists and the military and naval cliques to throw out of power the one statesman in Great Britain who has courage, readiness of resource and the higher imagination. It was Lloyd-George who organized inchoate England industrially and saved her armies. He less than any other statesman there, consented to leaving Russia to her fate. He forced through unification of the allied armies. He is for doing something for Ireland in accord with the general principle that the world is fighting for democracy. His enemies may accomplish his overthrow. If they do, it will be a sad day for Great Britain and the world. Not that his downfall will cost the allies the war, necessarily. The United States will win the war. But Lloyd-George is about the only statesman in the British Empire who has a United States mind and sees the military policy and political purpose of the conflict as does President Wilson and the American people.

♦♦

Stock Dividend Tax Dodging

THAT best of all daily papers, the *Christian Science Monitor*, is making dignified but effective warfare upon the increasingly prevalent trick of certain large corporations—declaring stock dividends. By doing this they get out of paying large taxes upon excess profits, thus cheating the government. Also by spreading out the stock this way they are enabled to keep up prices of their product. The stock dividend is a fine bit of mechanism in the gentle art of war profiteering. A small dividend on a great lot of expanded stock conceals big dividends on actual stock invested. Stock dividends are profits put back into the business for purposes of concealment. The way to put an end to this scheme of tax evasion and profit concealment is to levy a tax upon stock dividends. It would increase excess profit taxes by hundreds of millions and it would tend to lower prices.

♦♦

More Street Car Troubles

MISSOURI'S Public Service Commission proposes to relieve the distress of the United Railways company of St. Louis by permitting it to charge an added one cent for transfers. The public doesn't like the proposal. Neither does the company, for the reason that the increase of revenue will not enable the company to meet the increase of wages to its employees, to which it agreed in the strike settlement six or eight weeks ago. The street railway workers have been waiting for the wage increase all this time, and are now become impatient. There is among them some talk of striking again. The company simply hasn't got the money to fatten the pay roll. It says there is no way to get the money, except by a fare increase greater than one cent for transfers. The city has done all it could, apparently, to help the company, by remitting taxes through the passage of a compromise ordinance—and that ordinance may possibly be rejected by the voters in a referendum. A rejection of the ordinance won't help the street car workers in the least. In fact it will make any wage increase impossible. It seems that the difficulty can only be solved by the workers accepting such advance of pay as the company can make and awaiting developments that may permit further increase. That a strike will be of any use in the circumstances is not apparent.

♦♦

Col. House Not Guilty

I TAKE it all back—what I said of Col. E. M. House implying his responsibility for the asinine biography of himself, published in the New York *Evening Post* and syndicated to half a hundred other papers. Half a dozen friends of the Colonel have taken the pains to assure me: (1) The book is not authorized; (2) it contains no fact or statement not hitherto printed; (3) the Colonel's share in the story was confined to cutting out a lot of stuff worse than that which remained, and against the printing of that he protested; (4) the story is

without the Colonel's approval. These are facts good to know. The biography makes not only Col. House, but his friend President Wilson ridiculous. I see that the stuff is announced for early publication in book form. That should be prevented at all hazards. Some friends of Col. House think the biography was concocted with deliberate intent to injure him. I understand he has protested to the *Evening Post* and that protest has been suppressed.

❖❖

Fix 'Em All

GOVERNMENT has commandeered all the wool and all the steel. That seems to be the only way through. Why not go the full distance—commandeer everything. There's no other way surely to hold the profiteers in check. We are practically commandeering wheat by price-fixing. Having fixed the price of wheat the farmer has to sell, why not fix the price of what he has to buy? If the war lasts two years we shall have to come to commandeering and price fixing everything. Eventually! Why not now?

❖❖

Who Started It?

PRINCE LICHNOWSKY'S revelations of England's vain attempt to prevent the war in the latter days of July, 1914, and Germany's determination that it should come on, are not, strictly speaking, new. He said as much when he left his post in London, with the remark, "I am a ruined man." The war was determined upon in the Potsdam Council, July 5. All German ambassadors were instructed to "isolate" the Serbian quarrel. Lichnowsky tried to carry out his orders. This, he says, was "a sin against the Holy Ghost." He knew the war could not be "isolated." He says Grey tried to hold back Russia, but held England free, first that France and Russia might not be crushed; second, that by unhesitatingly siding with France and Russia the moral force of England's position might not be lost. Prince Lichnowsky's statements are corroborated by Herr Mohlen, director of Krupp's. He says Herr Krupp von Bohlen and Dr. Helffrich of the Deutsche Bank told him that the "bluff" to Serbia was to force Russia to mobilize and thus to justify war. The Kaiser himself told von Bohlen that he was never again to be accused of indecision as he was in 1911. It seems the Kaiser's son was forcing the father's hand, did force it in fact. The claim that Great Britain instigated and started the war is destroyed by every fact which emerges concerning the swift-moving events of those July days. The Kaiser held out against the war party as long as he could—three years at least. Then he went in with von Tirpitz and the Junkers and deserted von Bethmann-Holwegg. All this after the Bagdad railway and Portuguese colonies difficulties had been cleared up, after Mesopotamia had been opened up to Germany as consolation for her failure in Morocco, after Great Britain had "laid off" in the Balkan conference, after, as Lichnowsky avers, Great Britain had begun to look kindly upon a Franco-German *rapprochement* and had become reconciled to the idea of a great German fleet. Von Jagow himself confirms this. All things were working together for peace but the militarists supervened. They thought they could see coming a British-German entente, and—no war. Serajevo was their chance. They made the most of it.

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Running the Railroads

DURING January, February and March the government lost more than \$100,000,000 in operating the railroads. That was expected. The change of system accounts for some of it. There was some frightfully bad weather in the season reported on. That cost many millions, what with congestion and embargo. Things will be reversed the next quarter. The government's economies are now in operation. Transportation increases. There have been some substantial raises in rates that will help swell the receipts. Equipment is somewhat improved. Government operation of the railroads is just fairly under

way, and it must be remembered that they have had to carry an enormous increase in the labor cost of operation. The indications are that the war experiment with the railroads is not going to be a failure. Fifty-six million dollars have been advanced to various roads to pay rentals, meet maturing interest, etc. The New Haven got \$43,000,000; the New York Central \$13,000,000. The Michigan Central will get \$8,000,000 this month. It's lots of fun for railroad men to run the roads now, with the government looking after the details of fixed charges. If the government had helped the roads in this way before the war, the country would have done better than it has done in keeping war materials moving. Most of the railroads will come out of the war in excellent condition, but they will never go back to their owners on the old pre-war basis.

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WAR says Sherman (of Illinois) is hell.

❖❖

The Blacks at St. Ann's

WHAT will some of those Roman Catholic parishioners of St. Ann's church, who don't want colored folks to attend their church, say when they meet some colored folks in heaven? I suppose there will be, or are, negroes in heaven; there are missions established for their salvation. I believe there is a negro saint or two. At the same time race prejudice is a thing that even the scheme of salvation cannot quite do away with. And if Father Walsh talked intemperately about organizing a military company to drive the negroes away from the St. Ann's neighborhood, the local branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People indulges in something like superheated rhetoric in its reply to his utterances from the altar. The fact of race prejudice is not helped by inflammatory utterances on either side of the question. A little common sense is more in demand in such circumstances than anything else.

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Honor to a Negro Poet-Critic

HERE is a case of an honor well bestowed. The Spingarn medal was given a few days ago to William Stanley Braithwaite, at Providence, R. I. What is the Spingarn medal? It is a medal given each year to the man or woman of African descent and American citizenship who is adjudged to have made the highest achievement during the preceding year in any field of elevated or honorable endeavor. It is the gift of Joel E. Spingarn, a poet, critic, philanthropist and soldier, and chairman of the Board of Directors of the National Association of Colored People. It has been awarded in previous years to E. E. Just for researches in biology, to Colonel Charles Young, U. S. A. (retired), for services in organizing the constabulary of Liberia, and to Harry T. Burleigh for excellence in the field of creative music. Who is William Stanley Braithwaite? He lives in Cambridge and he is the literary critic of the *Boston Transcript*. He is a poet too, but it is because he is a poet that he has become famed as a critic of poetry. He has done so much for poetry that he is ranked among its friends with those who have been most responsible for the poetic renaissance in the United States, with Harriet Monroe, who founded the *Poetry Magazine*, with Edward J. Wheeler of *Current Opinion*, with Jessie B. Rittenhouse, the compiler of excellent anthologies. Mr. Braithwaite in the *Transcript* keeps his readers in touch with every new poet. His reviews are always most perceptive, perspicacious. He is hospitable to every new rhymers or free verser. No school claims him. If there's any poetry at all in any person who's published, Braithwaite may be depended on not to miss it. Sometimes he will find it when it isn't there. For he is kindly. He won't praise bad work, but then he doesn't consider it a personal offense, as Conrad Aiken does. Braithwaite compiles each year a *catalogue raisonne* of all the poetry published in the periodicals of this country. (Mr. Edward J. O'Brien does the same for fiction, for the same paper.) Mr. Braithwaite tells the country which he

thinks are the best poems and why. He does it without priggishness or superciliousness. He plays no favorites. People who write poetry, north, south, east or west of Boston look alike to him as people. It is only as poets that he differentiates them. He does it well, with all allowance *de gustibus*. It has been said that Mr. Braithwaite's likings are too inclusive; to this his answer is, probably, that he cares for poetry in general and not for schools thereof. Braithwaite was among the first to welcome Masters, Miss Lowell, Robert Frost—which was pretty good for cold roast Boston. His own poetry is quite formal, not to say conventional. He has more finish but less fire than had Paul Laurence Dunbar. From this brief sketch of him and his work it will be seen that he well deserves the honor that has come to him. The people of his race have reason to be proud of him.

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Prospective Oil Stoppage

SOME of the big oil concerns are said to be trying to take out patents on oil land recently developed. The government wants all oil royalties paid into its treasury under the leases. A majority of the House Committee on Public Lands is said to have favored amendments that would give larger privileges to those now engaged in oil production on public lands, but the administration would not stand for that. The administration has prevailed and the leasing bill will be passed. Secretary of the Interior Lane, writing to Representative Ferris, of Oklahoma, pressing for immediate action on the bill says: "It is nothing less than a national war necessity that the supply of fuel on the Pacific coast be at once increased. I am in touch with the situation through the Geological Survey and the Bureau of Mines, and the facts before me justify this prophecy that within sixty days railroads, airplane factories, ship yards, ships and many industries will be unable to secure oil or fuel of any kind if a bill is not passed under which the producing lands will be opened to the fullest development. If this end can be furthered by placing the whole matter of reserved oil lands in the hands of the president I certainly would fight for it strenuously." Leasing the oil lands is the best that can be done now. The way to increase the supply of oil, however, would be to tax oil lands at their full oil value, not as agricultural land. That would compel the use of those lands. Rational taxation of land values would speed up war production incalculably. The land hold-out holds back food, oil, metals, ships. Likewise it holds back men. Single tax would strongly tend to prevent war. It would greatly help to win the war too.

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Reading Frank Harris

THE most readable magazine going these days—if you want to forget the war a bit—is *Pearson's*. And it is so because Frank Harris is writing for it so copiously, as well as editing it. Harris is a keen, vivid, burning personality. He has lived every minute of his life, and lived them with interesting people, great or near great, fortunate or unfortunate. He has played and loved and hated and fought. Harris has incarnated ideas. He has reveled in rebellion against repression. Literature is inseparable from life, with him. The two are one tremendous passion in his heart, now savage, now tender. To his writing he imparts enthusiasm, so that the reader is infected. He is full of history, biography, anecdote. His criticism is without favor. He gives you the feel of the minds and even the bodies of those he has met. He has a sympathy even with those whom he slashes. With politicians, poets, preachers, plutocrats, peers, poculists, perverts, he feels a human kinship. Roseberry and Rodin, Morley and Meredith, Beardsley and Bottomly, Dowson or Lionel Johnson, Hubert Crackanthorpe, Cunningham-Graham, Oscar Wilde, Bernard Shaw—he makes them stand forth and for the secret of the Dark Lady of the Sonnets, the Gordian knot of it he will unloose familiar as his garter and flagellate Sir Sidney Lee with the clasp thereof. He makes the *fin de siecle* look like a

dawn, the decadence seem a renaissance. His writing has endless energy of feeling, so that it pulls on your own feeling. "Elder Conklin" is as terrible as the story of the disgrace of Oscar Wilde, whose tale Harris has told once for all, eliciting a most fascinating postscript from Shaw. I read Harris to forget the war and to recall the wicked eighties and the splendid nineties. And even on the war Harris says things that give one new lights. He's for the war, in the hope that it will regenerate the English. He's obsessed by English hypocrisy. But there are other things in the English and the war is bringing them out. At least the English are first-class fighting men, even if stupid. But are they stupid? You can't say so after you've read Harris in *Pearson's* about the men he has known in England. Harris loves England for her one great gift to the world—her poetry. And English poetry means, after all, with whatever exceptions may be cited, the spirit of free institutions. I recommend a reading of Frank Harris in *Pearson's*, or out of it. He'll clear your head and stir your heart by making you mad or glad in dissent or agreement.

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Regulation or Prohibition

THE British government is said to contemplate taking over the liquor trade at a cost of about \$2,500,000,000. The United States seems to be going ahead steadily in the road to a wiping out of the liquor business without any compensation whatever. The whiskey men who had large stocks on hand when distillation was stopped are making fortunes. Whiskey rises in price increasingly. The distilleries won't have to be bought out. The brewers, though, are confronted with prospect of absolute annihilation, if the states continue to ratify the prohibition amendment to the federal constitution. It would seem to be only fair that a business from which the government has drawn such enormous revenue in licenses and taxes—which was to that extent encouraged by the government—should not be wiped out by enactment and without any compensation whatever. Great Britain aims at regulation of the liquor traffic; not at absolute prohibition. Great Britain, with all her faults, is a pretty sensible country. Its government is not inclined to fanaticism. Even its non-conformist conscience doesn't lift a loud big voice for a dry kingdom. Great Britain has done some good fighting on beer and grog. France fights fine on wine. Germany holds out on beer. There's no proof that liquor weakens a nation in war. The United States should not listen to its clamorous "drys." We should be at least permitted still to enjoy our beers and light wines. The only prohibition nation is Turkey. Surely Turkey is no model. The United States should try regulation of the liquor traffic but it cannot do that until it has killed prohibition. Drink may not be necessary to the salvation of the world, but neither is the annihilation of drink. Government can hold the balance true between drunkenness and thirst, by regulation, and a little liquor is good for the imagination. Great Britain's way of dealing with the evil of liquor is better than ours; and Great Britain has had a grilling experience with the subject during the war, such as we shall never have. Regulation has helped save Great Britain and it is doubtful that prohibition would have done any better, if as well. A little drink has helped the British through their agony.

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Persia Perking Up

His serene majesty, the Shah of Persia, invested \$100,000 in the third liberty loan. And a few days after, Persia notified Holland that it regards as void the treaties under which it was parceled out between Russia and Great Britain, recognizing Persian integrity, but taking charge of its finances. About all that was left of Persian integrity was a neutral sphere between the zones taken by the Lion and the Bear. The seizure was strongly denounced in this country at the time. That was in 1907. Early in the war the Russian troops advanced far into Persia. Last year Persia asked their withdrawal. The Bol-

sheviki government declared the parceling null and void. With Russia out there is no power with which Great Britain can be in agreement as to Persia. It was said a year ago that there had been perfected a German-Persian alliance. British troops are still in Persia. Just what to make of the situation as confused by the two apparently contradictory news items here mentioned, I do not know. At the outbreak of the war Persia was strongly pro-German, because of the Russo-British seizure of 1907. It may be though that British successes in the east has changed the Persian temper. It may be that Great Britain is not demanding a too strict adherence to the treaty of 1907. If so, here's a case of British relinquishment of an annexation on their frontier of 137,000 square miles of territory. The Russians had 305,000 square miles on their frontier. We shall have to wait for more news to find out what's what and who's who in Persia.

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Stow the Jaw

SENATOR UNDERWOOD's resolution to give a majority in the senate power to limit debate, after a subject has been discussed two days, to twenty minutes on the bill proper under discussion and to ten minutes on amendments, should be adopted. This for the period of the war. Everybody will be for it, except possibly the senate. The war is not forwarded by talk.

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Military Rank for Nurses

THE bill to admit the members of the medical reserve to higher army rank than a majority seems to have been anesthetized somewhere. This is not helping to get more medical men into the service. There is a sad shortage of such skill and an attempt is being made to stimulate more enthusiasm for army work among physicians and surgeons. Those professionals would go in flocking if they were assured that after the war they would not be cast off to seek to build up practices abandoned for the time of the conflict, or that they would not be kept forever on a mere major's pay if they remain with the army. The doctors should be encouraged to serve, else they may have to be drafted. These reflections suggest the expression of a hope that proposed legislation with regard to nurses will not be similarly smothered through whatever influences prevailed in defeating the hopes of the medical reserve. On this subject I cannot do better than quote here an editorial from the *New York Evening Post* that covers the whole subject briefly and completely: "Nurses have not hitherto had proper recognition in the military organization of the United States, and it is much to be hoped that Congressman Raker's bill to give them military rank will receive the prompt and favorable attention of congress. This is no mere matter of form, but touches directly the efficiency of the service, for at present the nurse is surrounded by orderlies who are not obliged to take orders from her. The proposed measure follows somewhat Canadian precedents. In Canada nurses are not commissioned, but are given 'relative rank' carrying with it the uniform, the rank badges, the right to be saluted, the authority, and the pay that goes with the rank.' When the government is making such heavy demands on the guardians of the public health, as represented by the trained nurses, the country has the right to demand that they be furnished the very best possible conditions of work, in order that our sick and wounded soldiers may receive the best care that conditions allow, and that the nurses themselves may not be obliged to waste energy in overcoming unnecessary handicaps. In addition to this compelling reason, the government ought to give proper recognition to a branch of the service second to none in importance."

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Votes for Women

It is time for the United States senate to pass the woman suffrage amendment resolution. That is one of the things that should be got out of the way of the proper doing of the country's one big job—win-

ning the war. The case is made for woman suffrage the world over. It is as unarguable now as the multiplication table. Only invincible torism and petrified prejudice are against it. The senate should get in step with the progress of the world.

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Reactions of a Reader

By Alliterarius

V. TO A PIECE OF POETICAL INJUSTICE

IT is always interesting to be "wised up" in advance of an interesting event, especially one of a literary nature. And an imminent one of which but recently I have received advices that appear authentic is, as Alice would say, more interesting than anything I have found among the announcements, in the literary journals, of "Forthcoming Publications."

As everybody is aware, I am sure, Miss Amy Lowell, the Sappho of the New Poetry (as Miss Harriet Monroe is its Minerva) lives in the environs of Boston—a most felicitous circumstance indeed, from the viewpoint poetical. For is not Boston the modern Athens, was not Athens the "city of the violet crown," and was not Sappho celebrated as "Violet-crowned, sweetly-smiling Sappho?" If alas, the New Poetry were not so unsympathetic toward the old, this concatenation of circumstances would seem ample for the composition of an Ode embalming them in deathless verse. As it is, they lie neglected and unsung, to our sad loss and deprivation.

But her New-Sapphic and Bostonian distinctions are by no means the only ones which Miss Lowell possesses. For one thing, she is a sister of the honored president of Harvard university, as well as of that lamented American astronomer who perceived (or thought he did—it is inessential which) evidences of the fact that the planet Mars was, or is, inhabited. If it seem strange that Miss Lowell has never celebrated either Harvard or Mars in free verse or polyphonic prose, we must remember that even the New Poetry is unaccountable in its sources of inspiration, despite the manifestoes which some of its most inspired exponents have put forth. Moreover, who can tell?—may not Miss Lowell yet astonish and enrapture us with a series of Harvard idyls (only, of course, she will never call them anything so old-fashioned as idyls) so different from anything else in the way of collegiate verse as to be a new creation? While, as in one of her already-published poems she has alluded to having "smelt the stars," is it impossible that she may not in a future volume direct her olfactories exclusively to the "red planet" which so engrossed her so-percipient relative and find therein material for a literary production in the Martian *genre* more startling even than were his?

Leaving these pleasing possibilities aside, however, I will proceed to another distinction of Miss Lowell's. Not only does she strikingly resemble the divine Sappho—she has also indissolubly connected her name with that of the even more divine Diana, that huntress-goddess so eminent as the deity of the canine tribe. Like Diana, Miss Lowell protects and presides over large packs (to use a somewhat unpoetical but veracious vocable) of these animals; so much so that her fame in this way has spread into realms where even the pinions of the New Poetry never could have borne it.

In my dictionary of classical mythology (which I hate to admit owning, in view of the denunciations of such objectionable works by Mr. Louis Untermeyer) I have been unable to discover that Diana, as the divine protectress of the dog, favored any particular species; except, of course, that those with which customarily she was seen were of hunting proclivities. In especial, there is no authentic record that in her Olympian kennels any new breed or species originated. And it is right here that Miss Lowell, our own Diana, has thrown her entirely into the shade. In her kennels near-by to the violet-crowned city situate upon the Back Bay, that most

charming and conspicuous, that truly divine New Poetess, has, after years (it is immaterial precisely how many) of the most scientific and polycanine experimentation, succeeded in producing an entirely new variety of "man's best friend."

Such a sensation has this remarkable achievement aroused in the scientific world that, I learn, it has engaged the absorbed attention of the Natural History department at Harvard, where, necessarily, the near relationship of Miss Lowell to the president of that august institution, has added to it a special quality of interest. Taking advantage of this, one of the most brilliant and at the same time one of the most profound students in this department of the university, has taken the New Dog as the subject of his doctoral thesis, which latter has won for him the highest honors his alma mater can bestow. It is shortly to be published and when that memorable day arrives, the sensation in the literary world must be immense.

Ordinarily doctoral theses, whatever their subject, have no such effects, but in the present case "there is a reason." Not only has the author of this one treated his material, or rather assembled it, in the most rigidly scientific spirit, his production in this respect evincing vast research and the deepest erudition; but, in casting it into literary form, he has achieved a stroke of genius. To state it briefly, he has written his thesis in free verse, here and there interspersed with paragraphs of polyphonic prose. The more distinctly scientific portions are versified; those in which the author has permitted himself a somewhat lighter treatment of his subject are in p. p. In this manner he has diversified the different sections most strikingly and sustained the interest, so to speak, at the boiling point throughout. (I hope that Mr. Louis Lamb will forgive me for using so unspeakable a *cliché* as "sustained the interest," but really there didn't just seem any way around it!)

Advance sheets of this extraordinary *tour-de-force*, which, without doubt will immortalize its author, both as a scientist and a poet, are now, I understand circulating among select members of the *intelligencia* in the east, and in the meanwhile I am, I may say, simply trembling to get my eyes on them. My readers may recall that only a few weeks ago I was sighing over the dismal prospect of anything really new in our New Poetry. Now, lo and behold, the gods vouchsafe us something so far in excess of all anticipation as to be more unique even than that uniqueness which Max Stirner so exhaustively set forth. But poor Max! He flourished (that is if such a disconsolate devil may ever be said to have flourished) long before the advent of the New Poetry. He had no chance to express himself either in free verse or polyphonic prose. Therefore his *opus* never attained any such celebrity as this of which I write must, as it were, at a bound—or, to express myself more gracefully, leap: seeing that I am writing caninically, that "bound" rhymes with "hound" and that rhyme is properly abhorred by the New Poetry, nor does a single lapse into it disfigure this Harvardian *chef d'œuvre*.

I may state, however, for the benefit of the MIRROR's readers, that the new variety of canine which Miss Lowell has originated, is (according to the thesis aforesaid) to be known to science as *Canis lowellii*, sub-species *giganteum*, variety *feroces*. And these facts at last and somewhat circuitously bring me to the text of these reactions. As those *au fait* (I again implore the pardon of Mr. Lamb!) in matters New-Poetical are aware, it was only last fall that one of our very risingest young New Poets, having received permission to call upon Miss Lowell, while threading the mazes of her spacious estate in search of the cenaculum where he was to be received, was discerned by several of her pets, particularly *giganteum*, also *feroces*, which had inadvertently been left ranging the grounds—and that they forthwith, taking him for some interloper unworthy of approaching the shrine, set upon him so savagely that he narrowly escaped the fate of Actæon (I again implore the indulgence of Mr. Unter-

meyer!). It is even said that when rescued from their fangs he was quite *de naturibus*, rendering it necessary for a complete rehabilitation, sartorially speaking, before pursuit of further social diversion.

One can imagine the results of such an experience upon a high-strung, susceptible and, as it were, affatulent young New Poet. While a physical tragedy was happily averted and the Actæon parallel not carried to the harrowing finale, it is no mystery why the protagonist has not written an epic around his adventure—and, undoubtedly, never will; despite the fact that it presents material which, to one able to handle it objectively, is replete with thrilling possibilities. No one, of course could handle it better than Miss Lowell herself—but equally of course she is debarred from doing so for reasons too delicate to require indication.

The poetical injustice of this episode must be apparent to all souls devoted to the New Poetry, but aside from my participation in this feeling, upon general principles, I have other reasons which I may briefly specify. Readers of the MIRROR, and, in particular, those interested in the productions of Miss Lowell (and that is everybody) cannot have forgotten Mr. J. L. Hervey's unprovoked and rude (I had almost said lewd) assault upon her enchanting poem of two years ago, "Patterns" which appeared in the MIRROR. I am still unable to conceive how Mr. Reedy ever saw fit to print it, so atrocious an attack was it upon verses which not only Mr. Braithwaite pronounced peerless, but the critical areopagus, *en masse*, had simply smothered with laurels. Now it is difficult, I will admit, to imagine Mr. Hervey in the role of a caller upon Miss Lowell. In the first place he would hardly have the bravado to present himself at her door—or even at her gate, for that matter. In the second place, provided he did so, assuredly it cannot be supposed for a moment that he would be admitted! Still it has amused me to construct an adventure somewhat different from that which actually took place and one, in contrast thereto, replete, not with poetic injustice, but justice itself. I like to suppose that Mr. Hervey, possibly in a mood of contrition, had essayed to call upon Miss Lowell; and that he, not that young New Poet, had "met up" with *Canis lowellii*, sub-species *giganteum*, variety *feroces*!

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A Poet-Priest

By Helen Moriarty

IT is a welcome book which yields a moment of cheer nowadays, wherefore those who are fortunate enough to encounter Father Garesché's new book of verse, "The World and the Waters" are due to thank the author for the benison of an uplifting and inspiring message. There is nothing baffling in this slender blue volume—all is clear and sweet as a running stream purling its pellucid way between green and engaging banks. And it is no drowsy tinkle, that of the waters, but a gay and virile song, quite in tune with the music of the birds, the wind's triumphant surge and the immemorial whisper of the trees. Father Garesché's is a prolific muse, and he sings of all things, finding the elements of beauty in every picture that meets his seeing eye; but first of all finding inspiration in nature, which he hymns as the angels might, turning its beauty ever upward to the Hand that shaped it and the Mind that made it glorious for our refreshment. His is no mere distant or academic delight in nature, but the real song of the real nature lover, one who knows his woods and streams, who has made friends with the humbles of shrubs and wildflowers, as well as those remoter blossoms, the stars. For him the glories of the material universe "a box of sweets compacted lie." He sings of the world as of

... a vale of wonder, closed around
From all profaning sound.
A valley of delights, in whose calm deeps
Primeval silence sleeps,

Save for the stream that murmurs lauds and prays
Along its memoried ways,
A cloistered river, from the world apart,
With penitential peace and silence in its heart."

Peace then is the keynote of Father Garesché's verse, which is full of striking lines that lift themselves from the text and demand a permanent place in the memory.

"The earth is chanting litanies," he tells us; the trees are her headsmen, and the "droning bees"

... ever and again
They chant their prayers like holy men.

The waves he calls "an everlasting sisterhood,"—and an autumn rain is thus vividly etched:

This rain which wavers to and fro
In soft and dull and silent flow,
Fringes the world with distant grey
And steals the autumn's glow away.
This sombre, still and constant rain
Weaving its fine web on the pane—

and this is the way he gives us the rainbow:

Some angel built a luminous arch, that high
Leaped from the earth, swung its bright roof to sky,
And with consummate light and roundness then
Fell with soft curvings to the earth again.

Faith, as is natural, wings the verse of this poet-priest, and a sure pen accompanies a delicate craftsmanship. He has a nice taste in words, which shows itself in many a happy and delicate touch. Here is discovered no curious and fantastic diction, but plain and familiar words made to do mosaic duty, arranging themselves into colorful panels of artistic and satisfying tones. As with words, so with thoughts and things. The obvious finds new birth, the commonplace is glorified, the dull routine brightened, and the little are made great by the sure magic of his poet's pen. This is exemplified in "Enchantment."

From this embowered silence where I stand
I hear a lilt as faint as fairyland
As soft, as quaint-fantastic and as fair
As elfin piper ever trebled there.

Yet, as I hear, I know, though distant-sweet
'Tis but a hurdy-gurdy in the street!

His verses to childhood have the simplicity and sweetness of the child heart itself, and his apostrophes to the saints have the clarity of vision which comes only to those who know meditation and the far silences. Witness to "A Saint on Earth:"

Thine eyes are little lakes of light
Wherein a heavenly calmness lies
Like the soft radiance, pure as bright,
Of evening skies.

Soft through thy look thy soul doth shine
A soul as lovely with the gleam
Of the far heaven's dawn divine
As when fair sunrise lights a stream

Here are four charming lines from another poem:

Thine eyes grow lovelier, yearning far,
Like a sweet child that sees a star—
A wistful and expectant gaze
That deepened in them with the days.

It is interesting from the viewpoint of everyday life to consider the philosophy of a poet and the pictures he presents for our enjoyment. Every poet has his own philosophy of life, and every poet's heart enshrines a dream. The two may be variously divergent, but they have one point of contact, the thought forged in the white heat of inspiration and curved into a convincing line of imperishable truth, and it may be also of imperishable beauty. In the present writer the dream and the philosophy are one, in that they both merge into the optimism of a soul, spiritual, strong, elate, not unwitting of evil or the dark side, but eager to lessen the one and brighten the other. The full depth of his earnestness flowers forth in his religious poems, in which he sings of God, of the saints, of the victory of faith, the glory of things unseen and the beauty of the feet that walk softly in still places.

Not the least of Father Garesché's poetic attractiveness is the singing quality with which it is endowed. This is strongly manifested in his own definition of "A Lyric:"

A lyric is a song that springs
Unbidden as a wild bird's heart
Ripples to music while its wings
Cleave the soft air apart.

It bubbles upward in the mind
Spontaneous as the springs that leap
Eager a comely bed to find
To bear their waters deep.

Then he warns:

Tempt not the lyric if thy heart
Knows not this sweet melodious start
This gush of music born with wings
Like a wild bird that soars and sings.

Perhaps a sweeter or more fitting name has never been given to lyrical inspiration—"this gush of music born with wings." This lyrical gift belongs in an essential manner to Father Garesché, and for themselves as well as for their augury of a richer and more mature art, the poems in this little volume are to be valued as a worthwhile contribution to the literature of the day.

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Edmund H. Wuerpel

By Pinx

THE one-man exhibition of works of Edmund H. Wuerpel at the City Art Museum has brought to the attention of many thoughtful people a career that perhaps has been too near for the appreciation of St. Louisans, as perhaps being here it has been too far to attain recognition where a prepared audience exists.

Where might that be? Possibly in Paris, where six years of association with Whistler and other creative masters developed the distinctive artistic bent that later has produced a personal and expressive art.

Twenty-five years since the return from Paris Mr. Wuerpel has given to St. Louis, largely in educational work. He returned to be instructor in the School of Fine Arts, and later succeeded Director Ives. His work most of the time has been arduous, leaving not too much opportunity for painting. A process of selection has made professor Wuerpel the lecturer on art par-excellence of St. Louis, and his lecture courses alone in and out of the art school are as much as many a man would consider a sufficient occupation.

For his work as exemplified in the present exhibition, and for what his career means to art, in this city, the St. Louis Art League has just decided to bestow upon Mr. Wuerpel the first medal struck from the dies of the Art League's Medal for Merit.

As a producing artist, Mr. Wuerpel has not run quite with the current of our art of the day, and in truth has seemed somewhat contrary to that current. The order of the times in art very largely has been scene painting. We began with a sort of plain scene painting, and now have glorified scene painting, with all the "effects" recent schools of modernism can command. We have been so immersed in the new sensations made possible by these new schools that have explored and opened new aspects of nature and new possibilities in scenes, that we have been turned for the time from the other great phase of art, that which works from within the soul of the artist and is nature painting only as it expresses the spirit of nature's masterpiece, man.

This latter is the phase of art to which Edmund H. Wuerpel has given his life, and of the degree of his achievement some professionals who are the frankest if not the most sympathetic critics may not be competent to judge.

There are pictures which show the artist oblivious to nature's lines of construction, or so strongly impressed with the importance of emphasis in emotional composition as frankly to ignore natural limitations. There are other pictures where imaginative flights are taken and fine results achieved without such inconsistency, if inconsistency it be. In such a picture as "Outcroppings," number 9, in the exhibition the

artist shows ability to describe nature convincingly when that is essential to his purpose. In "Night Moods" a decorative aspect of nature is developed in a way that keeps as close as one could wish to realism. In "Mist of the Moors" fugitive nuances of color harmony play over the canvas very delicately, in such a way as to suggest the elusive and difficult construction that exists in forms of water and atmosphere.

Wuerpel appears in this exhibition as an artist of achievement. Indeed it would be interesting to know how many American painters of the landscape theme could assemble an exhibition of so varied, dignified and always thoughtfully expressive work, a group of pictures in which the reiteration of commercialism is so completely absent, and the instructive play of the artist's mind so present.

There are three noticeably distinct trends in the exhibition. One is toward the use of landscape motives as a means of decorative composition, with nice sense for color harmonies and some effective arrangements of form.

Another trend is toward a very different use of landscape motives with a significant development of line, mass, light and shade to express the emotional sentiment of the artist, and arouse similar feelings latent in viewers of his work. This is the Wuerpel phase that so often has suggested references to music in comments on the artist's painting. The influence of these compositions, in their subtle emphasis of elements which appeal to definite emotional strains in the observer, is so much like an effect of music that the comparison immediately occurs.

The third trend is toward the franker portrayal of nature for the sake of beauty. Here, well chosen, or invented, subtleties of light, and suggestions of the wonderful color changes which nature continually is undergoing, are depended upon by the artist, rather than that selection from local topography, with "effects" varied of course by season and hour, which forms a great body of American naturalistic art.

Excursion into analytical criticism is invited by the serious and thought-out character of the efforts of Mr. Wuerpel. Here is an artist who quite evidently has a purpose before him in his work. That he is attempting a definite thing, clear in his own mind at least, stands out above everything else in his art. He knows his first principles, and their ramifications, and is a cultivated mind, also stands out. Mr. Wuerpel therefore not only is able to express himself in art, but he is able to speak for art in the field which he has made especially his own.

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The Coming Event

By James Clarence Mangan

[This poem, written over seventy years ago, reads like a fulfilled prophecy to-day, what with the spread of prohibition and the crisis of the Great War.]

CURTAIN the lamp, and bury the bowl—
The ban is on drinking!
Reason shall reign the queen of the soul
When the spirits are sinking.
Chained lies the Demon that smote with blight
Men's morals and laurels;
So, hail to Health, and a long Good-night
To old wine and new quarrels!

Nights shall descend, and no taverns ring
To the roar of our revels;
Mornings shall dawn, but none of them bring
White lips and blue devils.
Riot and Frenzy sleep with Remorse
In the obsolete potion,
And the mind grows calm as a ship on her course
O'er the level of the ocean.

So shall it be!—for Man's world of romance
Is fast disappearing,

And the shadows of changes are seen in advance
Whose epochs are nearing;
And days are at hand when the Best will require
All means of salvation,
And the souls of men shall be tried in the fire
Of the Final Probation.

And the Witling no longer or sneers or smiles;
And the Worldling dissembles;
And the blank-minded Sceptic feels anxious at whiles,
And wonders and trembles;
And fear and defiance are blent in the jest
Of the blind Self-deceiver;
And infinite hope is born in the breast
Of the childlike Believer.

Darken the lamp, then, and bury the bowl,
Ye Faithfullest-hearted!
And, as your swift years hasten on to the goal
Whither worlds have departed,
Spend all, sinew, soul, in your zeal to atone
For the past and its errors;
So best shall ye bear to encounter alone
The Event and its terrors.

♦♦♦♦

Hogs and the Movies

By John Amid

THE schoolmaster and I were riding toward the city, and discussing the movies.

"Their influence," said he, "their power, is almost unthinkable. It used to be said that one man in ten read the magazines—ten millions out of a hundred million, in these United States. Now it is more, say twenty million or so—one man in five. But everybody goes to the movies."

"Even children."

"Yes; even the children. They didn't read the magazines, but they go to the movies."

For a while we were silent.

"On the whole," he said at length, clearing his throat, "I believe that the influence is bad."

"That will change," I answered, "after a while, when the business is older, and has less money in it, and more sense."

"And more art."

"Then the screen can be used for purposes greater than mere amusement, with perhaps a little instruction, and the discussion of sex problems, that pay unusually well."

And again we were silent, thinking.

"Suppose," I began, "we should film The High Cost of Living. We could show the farmer growing crops with which to make lean times fat. We could show him bringing his grains, and his fruits, his vegetables, his sheep and cotton and cattle, down to the railroad station, and emptying them into the maw of the city, to be eaten, or turned into something else by men in great factories. But the times would remain lean, and prices high. . . . Then we would show a great office building, stories and stories and stories high—rows of office buildings—streets of them—a whole great downtown section—full. And then we would show a row of elevators, swallowing and discharging crowds; we would take the camera inside the elevator, and show the floors as we went up and up, and up, to the very top. For a few feet of the film we could show, if we wanted, a view of the miles and miles of city roofs from the top story, and what a long, long way it was down to the street, and how infinitesimal, and impotent, the crowds, with the crawling trolleys and automobiles, looked. Then we could start walking through the corridors, showing door after door—dozens of doors—hundreds of them—thousands. The first door would be, perhaps, that of an advertising agency. Then would come two or three lawyers. Then a real estate firm or so. Then perhaps a commission broker, or maybe the office of a premium coupon concern. And so on. We'd show a vast number of non-producers—the great army that eats away prosperity, without really adding anything to the world's

wealth, or health, or happiness. . . . Of course, we wouldn't try to show that they were all bad, or unnecessary, but merely that there were altogether *too many of them*. Parasites. We'd show that was where the farmers' grain was going, and the miners' hard work, and the factory hands' skill—to the great non-productive regiments that give little or nothing for what they take."

"Yes," agreed the school teacher, thoughtfully. "And then we'd flash what the continuity writers call a sub-title: 'The High Cost of Pork.' We'd show the farmer again, feeding corn to a lean hog, to fatten him. But the hog wouldn't get any fatter. He'd eat, and eat, and still be lean. No matter how much corn the farmer brought in that hog would still be lean. So we'd show what they call a 'close-up' of the farmer examining the hog, trying to locate the trouble. Finally he'd pull out a magnifying glass, and we'd finish with one of those round pictures that pretend you are looking through a telescope or microscope. There we'd see a piece of the hog's side, magnified until the bristles looked like pieces of dirty macaroni. And all over them, and around them, and on the skin between them, crawling like beetles, would be the lice."

I shook my head. "No concern in the business would touch a film of that sort," I said. "There'd be no money in it."

♦♦♦♦

An Ideal Governor

By Owen Merryhue

THE governor of Altruria was seen yesterday in the lobby of the Muchmore. He is paying his second visit to the United States. He finds great interest in comparing the institutions of Altruria with those of the United States. Some comment on the political views held by various governors and by certain aspirants for those offices struck him as peculiar.

"This sort of criticism would puzzle my people very much," he said. "I think we have pushed democracy farther than you have. I am now serving my second term as governor and I shall probably be re-elected for a third. In the eyes of my fellow-citizens, perhaps my principal qualifications for the office is that I am the most unprincipled man in my country. Nobody has been able to make out what I really believe or if I believe anything. Do not misunderstand me—of course I have my private principles which I presume are as good as those of other citizens. But in public matters I have no principles at all. Why should a governor have any? I am elected to enforce the law. I can certainly do this more efficiently if I have no strong bias of my own for or against any set of policies. From my seat in the capitol I view without sympathy or prejudice the struggle for control of the various political ideas."

"That is all very well, governor," said I, "now that you are in office. But, didn't you have to be a partisan to get there?"

"Quite true, in a sort of a way. But perhaps I can make the matter clearer to you by giving you a brief outline of my career. Very early in life I developed a liking for public office. I don't see any reason to deny that I was personally ambitious. My relations and friends were mostly members of the political party which had controlled our state for a generation. So I joined it; though, had the other party been in power I would have joined that—and my relatives and friends would have, too. I served my party and my state in minor capacities. For a while I held a position which enabled me to attain a great reputation for enforcing the law. I was able to do this the better, because I understood criminals; indeed I have sometimes thought that had I been born in an inferior grade of society, I might myself have had some conflicts with the law.

"Gradually the idea of my promotion which I had long entertained dawned upon the leaders of my party. Everybody wanted to see the law enforced against others—especially the lower classes in the

community. And so I was nominated and elected to the highest office in the state.

"I don't mind telling you, because I know your paper has no circulation in Altruria, that I was very much surprised, after my nomination, when people began pestering me for my views on various questions agitating, or said to be agitating, the public. All I knew about these questions was that if I took any clear-cut position on any of them I would alienate a lot of people who would usually work harder against me, than the people whose cause I espoused would work for me. I therefore decided to put all the mental effort which it would require to get a grasp on these public questions, into framing a policy which would make it seem that I was in favor of all sides and against none. It took some skill and I confess that I am proud of the result.

"The questions over which the people divide in Altruria are different from those under discussion here, and you find some difficulty in understanding them. But suppose you had an official in your state who was able to be at the same time the friend of the prohibitionists and the saloonkeepers, the suffragists and the antis, the Catholics and A. P. A., the politicians and the independents, the farmers and the commission merchants, the franchise companies and consumers, the haves and the have-nots, would you not admire his dexterity and envy his good fortune? Now I am in that position. And why should I not? I cared nothing for any of their issues, for I did not understand them. Indeed after a while I deliberately strove not to understand them. I feared that if I did understand some of them, I might really take sides from conviction, and that would be fatal to my fundamental policy, which was to ascertain on which side of a question public opinion was aligned and to make that my side—not too soon, for public opinion might veer, but as it could be safely determined. Now I think that is being a good governor. The people don't want a mulish person there, who, forsooth, because he holds what he is pleased to call ideas of his own, will impede obedience to public sentiment or conceitedly try to educate it. Whatever the people wanted was good enough for me. Didn't one of your great men say, 'Everybody knows more than anybody?'

"Of course I have made some enemies. This I regretted very much, but they were mostly political bosses whose ambitions were not compatible with my own, and the people enjoyed seeing me trample on them. I have incurred the criticism of some intellectuals, but that again is helpful. I sympathize heartily with the dislike of the man in the street for the high-brow. Indeed I am the man-in-the-street raised to the purple.

"There are some in Altruria who hold that it is well for a man who seeks public honors to carry, at the beginning, a cargo of principles, discarding which he can rise, much as a balloon used to do by throwing out sandbags, but I do not hold this view at all. No one can accuse me of betraying a cause, because I have never espoused one. Some men, it is true, accuse me of having broken promises, but the career of your most distinguished politician shows that the public at large thinks no worse of a man for that—and our Altrurians are much the same. Mere politicians who break promises are in a bad way because their credit is their sole asset, but a high official with patronage at his disposal does not have to keep his promises. He can pay on the nail for service he requires.

"So really I see no reason why I should not go on being re-elected indefinitely—just as Diaz was in Mexico. There is a curious superstition against a third term candidate but I don't think it need apply to me. You see, my freedom from prejudices has made me popular with the party which is supposed to oppose the party which elected me to office, and it is quite possible that I shall be able to select my opponent.

"I suppose such conditions as I have described are quite unknown in the affairs of your state, but for that reason they may interest people who like to hear about our far-off land.

"On my next visit about three years from now I shall perhaps have some interesting news to give you. I may by that time be translated to a higher office, outside Altruria. If so I shall arrive there by the same road that I have traveled thus far. Indeed it is the only road that I know how to travel.

"The moving picture is the ideal of the populace. The screen on which it is flashed enjoys the expectant gaze of the populace between the acts. I am content to be the screen on which the public mind projects its will. I am a necessary and conspicuous part of the equipment of the democratic show. If I were green or brown or yellow, I would distort the picture, so I am neutral and bask between the acts in the undimmed glow of the limelight. The pictures may, indeed must, change but the screen remains.

♦♦♦♦

Impressions

By Louis Dodge

I.

FOR a moment I no longer remembered the trenches

With their incredible turmoil and their lightnings unloosed

And the broken bodies and the unheeded dead.

For just a moment I beheld a picture of millions of women:

Some with soft cheeks and some with withered cheeks,

And all with their cheeks wetted with tears.

And their mouths were like the mouths of tragic masks,

And they were staring at nothing, despairingly—

Millions upon millions of women . . .

II.

It rained on Decoration Day, after all;

And the music and parading had to be given over,

And there were no flowers placed on the graves.

"It is sad that it should have rained on Decoration Day"—

This was the saying I heard on all sides.

But I thought how the grass would be abundant

And weave its fabric of consolation over the mounds
More beautifully, because of the rain.

And so I welcomed the rain on Decoration Day.

III.

The new moon and the evening star were close together—

So close that they might have been whispering to each other

The things which happen in the fields of the infinite
Yet I knew in fact that their nearness was an illusion

And that they were really millions of miles apart.

And I have seen a man and a woman, seemingly well mated,

Walking side by side and understanding each other
Before their sentences were half spoken,

So that people said of them, "They are very close together" . . .

And I have thought of the new moon and the evening star.

IV.

An old dog used to lie outside the gate, patiently;
And always his eyes would follow passers-by beseechingly.

Even after they had gone on their way, ignoring him,

He was waiting for someone to open the gate.

And I knew a man who used to look at his wife anxiously,

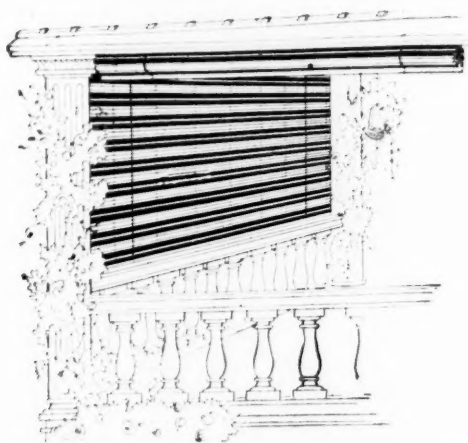
Seeking in a thousand ways to anticipate her wishes.
And hoping that perhaps after a while she would have a friendly word for him.

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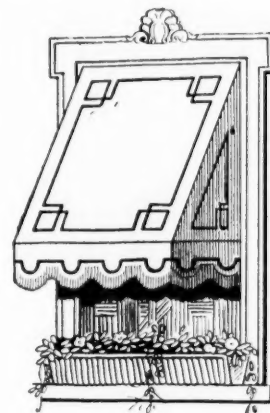
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Letters From the People

Save the Symphony Orchestra

St. Louis, May 6, 1918.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

If we were suddenly told of the destruction of our public library, with its priceless treasure of the art and wisdom of all the ages, the information would surely distress us; although there would arise the comforting thought that with the hearty co-operation of the citizens of this great metropolis, a finer and nobler storehouse of knowledge and inspiration might be built on the ruins.

But if St. Louisans were advised on the fifteenth of this month that our symphony concerts will have to be abandoned owing to the impossibility of securing a sufficient guarantee (\$43,000) I doubt whether the magnitude of the impending loss would be understood by many.

Consider for a moment the nature of the art: all the scores of all the soul-stirring masterpieces of symphonic music remain a dead, unintelligible symbol, mute, incomprehensible, useless, until through the medium of the modern orchestra they become an audible message

of the beauty and faith and courage immanent in the soul of the universe.

Do not permit the orchestra to disband; do not say that music is but a momentary lulling of the senses into oblivion; for in this terrible war the inspiration of the art of tone is tremendous in its immediate effect upon the spirits of our fighters. And for those of us who remain at home, there is needed more than ever before, the assurance of the unshakable justice and truth and beauty of things, which music reminds us of through the dreams of the masters. Save the Symphony.

And the Symphony Society must realize more and more that it is here for the highest and broadest service, a mouthpiece of the noblest spirituality, a means for the democratization of the literature of music, an art which since the day of Beethoven, the great rebel against the tyranny and shams of aristocracy, is coming more and more into touch with the profound depths of life. Let the society hold out the hand of fellowship to all of us, and talk to us in the language of the emotions, and not of the intellect alone. We need one another!

Consider our shame should it be said that St. Louis stood indifferently by while one of its greatest business assets,



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let alone artistic glories, was allowed to vanish for lack of a few paltry dollars. Cities of considerably less importance, commercially and otherwise, have succeeded in keeping alive the spirit of music through intelligent co-operation. Save the orchestra!

VICTOR LICHTENSTEIN.

Setting Mr. Robinson Right

New York, May 1, 1918.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Away back in the early eighties of the last century John Beverley Robinson says he sympathized with Henry George—"I used to be a Henry George man." But as he could not accept George's justification of "interest" and "profit," he renounced his adhesion to Henry George and only recently discovered that Henry George was wrong on the "rent" question too.

Probably Mr. Robinson, young then and ardent, fired with the zeal of the radical—one opposed to established con-

ditions—gave his sympathy to a philosophy he did not comprehend—or study.

Surely he never did understand what Henry George advocated; this is evidenced by his declaration that he could not accept George's justification of "profit." Henry George was too conscientious an economist to indulge in such an ambiguous term as "profit." "Rent," "interest," "wages," constitute the divisions of wealth representing "land capital," and "labor," the factors in the production of wealth. "Profit" is a commercial term—not an economic term.

Mr. Robinson, disputing the Ricardian "Law of Rent," points out some obvious distinctions between city lots and agricultural land. It was left for Mr. Robinson to saw the legs from under all the students of economics from Ricardo's day to the present; one marvels at his modesty over such a great achievement. Closet study is not necessary for one to discover that land varies in value. The market and everyday experience is

enough to satisfy any normal mind that land possesses a differential value. If Mr. Robinson's contention had any merit, all land would be at a parity. Henry George accepted the Ricardian "law" but amplified the expression of its formula to include all land instead of limiting it to agricultural land, by the term "desirability," in place of "productivity." This latter is certainly a cause of "desirability," but other causes are often present to create "desirability,"—convenience, salubrity, fashion, state of civilization, and many other causes—some of which may not appeal to Mr. Robinson with intensity equal to that of others.

Whatever the phenomena that causes "desirability" for a particular site or piece of land resulting from the social organization and activity are "unearned increment," and should be taken for the benefit of its creator—the community.

The mistake of Mr. Robinson is that he mistakes his mistake for Henry George's mistake.

BENJAMIN DOBLIN.

❖

Help for a Veteran

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

What John Beverley Robinson needs is a little use of arithmetic. He evidently originally became a Henry George man by sympathy rather than as a result of complete visualization of George's foundation of a programme.

Nature determines that locations, for various reasons, differ in potentiality for the production of wealth. If the single tax would "stay put" it would amount to this: All the wealth produced not due to advantage of location would belong to the producers, and all the wealth produced due to location advantage would belong to the community, to be used for communal advantage. This disposes of all the product. There can be no more inequality in distribution of product. Incidentally, no one will be likely to hold any location without using it adequately or with an approach to adequacy, and therefore all the producers can move up a little in the scale of potentiality for production.

The difference between a tenant giving up part of product as now to a private individual and to the community, as proposed by single taxers, is all the difference between a thing which makes for inequality of opportunity and one that makes for equality of a chance to make a living.

The single tax, or some other plan of reaching the same result, is a mathematical proposition, not to be believed in to-day and discarded to-morrow, but a scientific proposition *quod erat demonstrandum*.

GEORGE WHITE.

Long Branch, N. J.

❖❖❖

The serving maid was awkward and the joint fell on the floor with a sickening thud. The young mistress was upset, and shrieked: "Now we've lost our dinner." The maid alone kept her head—and the beef. Like oil on troubled waters came the calm reply: "Indeed, then, an' ye haven't, mum. I've got me fut on it."

Books of Weight

A New Man of Uz.

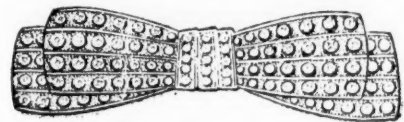
Very troublous are our times, but still there is after all only one problem in our times as in any other age; the problem of evil. Many a philosopher has had the conceit to decide most of the questions that perplex the human state, but who has solved the riddle of why evil should exist? This has puzzled the most knowing. Good misunderstood, good misrelated, lack of harmony, the negation of good, and many other mere words have been used as answers. And still the great question mark of the universe stands and mocks attempt. Some deny the problem and say there is no such thing as evil. Some divide their universe in two as did the Persians, the Christian gnostics, and the Albigensians, and give the world two principles, and thus only set the problem back a bit and make it two-fold, but reach no solution. Some define pain and then define evil and think the problem has disappeared. But the eternal question mark remains. The principle of the necessity of contrast is then called in, but, pray, why think this is an explanation? It is a description merely and nothing is explained. Nor has Etienne Giran in his new book "A Modern Job, an Essay on the Problem of Evil," (the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago), solved the problem. In drama for reading, not acting, the author has discussed this age-old problem once again with a "modern Job" as the central character surrounded by his well-known biblical friends. A modern theological argument on all sides of the question, a modern theological argument with a modern theological content, and the struggling, growing, evolutionary God not forgotten! The whole a very abstract universal treatment for a problem that is too often particular. But as ever no solution. To the "modern Job" the voices of friends "have been unconvincing, but their remembered love is part of the warmth that comes from the revealing flash of the sunset." And the "modern Job" still moves on through very troublous times.

❖

Om Mane Padme Om.

Buddhism has, in modern times, found many admirers among western people. They as well as every friend of the history of religion will appreciate the value of the book of Paul Carut, "The Gospel of Buddha, compiled from Ancient Records" (Open Court, Chicago). It is a very good collection of the most important and interesting pieces of the old Buddhist Canon. Most of them are literal translations from the original, others free paraphrases. All are arranged in such a way that they give a clear picture of the life of the Buddha and his gospel of the kingdom of righteousness. Only the introductory and concluding chapters are original additions of the author, but even here he has used only ideas which can be found somewhere in Buddhist tradition. That the whole book breathes true Buddhism and is a reliable guide to its spirit has been acknowledged not only by western scholars, but especially in the Buddhist world of the East. The

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pictures of Miss O. Kopetzky which illustrate this *edition de luxe* reflect faithfully the spirit of Buddhist art. A table of references, indicating the sources whence the various chapters are taken, and the parallelisms with western, especially Christian thought, enlarge the usefulness of the book. No more need be said to show the value of the book than to say that twelve editions have been exhausted and this is the thirteenth.

❖

Religion in War.

Donald Hankey, the "student in arms," was a theological student. He had been a mission-worker in London, and had written a book in which he set forth the gospel of a modernist, liberal Christian. Had the war not come, he would probably have become a useful and popular churchman of the best type. The war took his life and gave him the English-speaking world for his audience. He was doubtless well content. After the enormous success of his two series of *Spectator* articles ("A Student In Arms") he was moved to write further, in what were to be the last months of his life, of his religion. The eight brief chapters of "The Church and the Man"

(Macmillan, New York) thus took shape. Weighted with the prestige of the author's popularity, they will be widely read in England by just the men whom Hankey wanted to reach. Spoken by a stay-at-home liberal parson, these words would have been ignored. As it is, they will teach many of a robust and virile faith in Jesus and all the values associated with his name and his religion, which will not conflict with the most thorough-going intellectual clarity and honesty. It is a criticism of the church as it is by a presentation of the church as it ought to be. Brushing by the apparatus of dogma and tradition this clear-souled young man reaches the heart of the Christian message and the Christian institution. If there is room for Donald Hankey in the Church of England, then who of us need stay out? The book will not be less suggestive to American than to British readers.

❖

Imagination and History

There used to be an especially absurd conundrum: What is the difference between Moses and Middleton? The answer was easy. Very little difference; just drop oses and add iddle-



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(Third Floor.)

STIX, BAER & FULLER

ton, and there you have it. This simple procedure has now been elevated into a critical principle of wide application. Joined to that other magic law. Everything is something else, it explains all the problems of history, leaving everything plain as a pike-staff, and a good deal plainer. Especially in the field of religious history does this method celebrate conspicuous

triumphs. Only by its aid did the late Professor Cheyne demonstrate that most of the names in the Old Testament, like Phineas and Daniel, are variants of the one all but universal name Jerahmeel. An exquisite example of what can be done with this principle is given by Arthur Drews, in his equation of the Biblical (Vulgate Latin) *Agnus Dei* with the Vedic

Agni deus. One had thought that Drews, in his "Christ Myth," had "gone the limit" in the use of this method, but a recent volume from the press of Sherman, French and Co. shows that greater things are possible. This work is called "Simon, Son of Man." Its authors are two, John I. Riegel and John H. Jordan. They express their gratitude to William J. Torrey, Esq.,

of Scranton, Pa., "for his generous assistance in the preparation and the publication of this book," and this gentleman very properly contributes a prefatory note.

Here we learn much concerning the beginning of Christianity of which we were formerly ignorant. Jesus, it seems, was not Jesus at all, but the revolutionary patriot Simon, son of Giora, of whom the mendacious Josephus tells in his "Jewish Wars." Indeed the whole story of the founder of Christianity is told by Josephus, although with much falsehood and slander. Between the deliberate deceit of Josephus and the deliberately cryptic nature of the gospels, the world has been misled, for these nineteen centuries, until Messrs. Riegel and Jordan, piercing with unerring insight the lies of the Jewish historian and the hidden meaning of the evangelists, reveal the truth. Jesus, then, was really Simon, the fierce captain of Jewish revolutionaries in the struggle against Rome in the sixties of the first century. He was also, quite naturally, St. Stephen, Simon Magus, Bar-Cochba, Appollonius of Tyana, Simon of Cyrene, Simon the Zealot, Simon the Leper, Simon the Tanner, and various others, including the famous gnostic teachers, Menander and Valentine. He was even Barabbas. At the wedding in Cana, he is married to his second wife, Mary Magdalene, to whom, at his death, he commends his son by his first marriage. This son, "the beloved disciple," was called Eleazer, though we know him variously as Peter, and Judas Iscariot. Another patriot whose exploits are detailed by Josephus, John of Gischala, was really brother to the great Simon; we know him as John the son of Zebedee. A third brother, twin to Simon, was Justus of Tiberias, a historian of whom Josephus tells. The New Testament calls him by many names, James the brother of Jesus, James the brother of John, James the less, Saul, Paul, etc. His histories have come down to us in altered form as the four gospels. Joseph of Arimathea was, of course, the arch-villain Josephus himself.

We who had supposed that Jesus was crucified in Jerusalem about the year 30 are here taught that he was hurled from the Tarpeian rock in Rome some forty years later. Calvary is easily recognizable as the Capitoline hill. Pontius Pilatus is simply the Roman *praetor* or judge. And so every detail is explained. There remains no obscure spot in all the New Testament. But the New Testament as a whole remains obscure. One rises from this book with an admiring wonder for the incredible ingenuity of the human minds that produced it; but also with the unanswerable question: With this story to tell, how did the early Christians produce the profoundly real and powerful story of the gospels? To turn the world's most influential writings from spiritual masterpieces into arrant nonsense demands some justification beyond the extraordinary cleverness that produced this *jeu d'esprit*.



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Coming Shows

Blanche Bates and Holbrook Blinn will make their first appearance as co-stars in this city at the Jefferson theater on Sunday evening, May 12, where for one week they will appear in the new war play "Getting Together," written by Major Ian Hay Beith, Hartley Manners (author of "Peg o' My Heart"), and Percival Knight, who has the comedy role as the British sergeant. The songs, largely dealing with soldier life, were written by Lieutenant Gitz Rice of the First Canadian contingent, who is also in the cast. There are three acts and seven scenes. The first scene shows a New York drawing room and the second a recruiting station in Madison Square. The second act is in the trenches, where the American and British soldiers fight side by side amidst the falling of enemy shells and shrapnell. The last act is a ruined village in France with Miss Bates as the head of the war relief mission. "Getting Together" is given under the auspices of the British and Canadian recruiting mission, with the co-operation of the American military and naval forces.

¶ The Orpheum bill for next week promises to be exceptionally good. Belle Baker, famous for her ability to sing ballads and jazz numbers; Julius Tannen, recently a star in "Potash and Perlmutter," in a brand new monologue; Sarah Padden in "The Clod;" Florence Ames and Adelaide Winthrop

in a clever episode called "Caught in a Jamb;" Haydn, Borden and Haydn in "The Law Breaker," in which a burglar is not a burglar, will all participate. Also the Ziegler twins, Ruby Morton and Sammy Lee; and Galetti's monkeys. The Orpheum Travel Weekly will complete the programme.

¶ Max Bloom, one of the most popular stars that ever played at the Grand Opera House, will appear in a brand new show as the leading feature on the bill at that theatre next week. All that remains of "The Funny Side of Broadway" is the title, Max, his horse Becky, and Alice Sher with a company twice as large as on previous visits. Other numbers will be Johnson brothers in "A Few Moments of Minstrelsy;" Lorin Howard offering a mystery farce called "515;" Boothby and Everdeen, songs and travesty; Tyler and St. Clair, xylophonists; and the Universal Weekly.

¶ One of the standard attractions of the Columbia circuit, a two-act farce called "Welcome to Our City," will be given at the Gayety next week. The production is distinguished for its excellent company, which includes George Douglass, Vit Casmore, Jack Homan, Ameta Pynes, Lucille Manion, Freda Florence, Marie Sparrow and a chorus of thirty beautiful girls.

¶ Next week will be Marine Week at the Columbia and the United States marines will give exhibition drills ev-

ery afternoon and evening. The vaudeville bill will be headed by Maggie Leclair and company in a comedy playlet called "The Unfair Sex." Among the other attractions will be Oscar Lorraine, the violin-nut, late feature of the New York Winter Garden; Ross brothers, champion hairweight boxers; Howard, Moore and Cooper, three funmakers; Watts and Hawley; Scotch pantomimists; the Edwards in "A Hunter's Dream;" Judge Brown pictures and Universal Current Events.

Marts and Money

There was quite a little stir on the New York stock exchange when Steel common again sold at 98½, the high notch reached on February 1. Speculators considered the event of auspicious significance—the prelude to another *allegro* movement *à la hausse*. Professionals sporting charts fumbled for their notebooks and meticulously recorded the momentous "double top." The feelings of hope and satisfaction were heightened by the establishment of new maximum prices for two or three other issues. One of these was Republic Iron & Steel common, which sold above 85 for the first time since last December. About a year ago the stock was valued at 96¼. A neat, tantalizing bulge developed also in the quotations for sev-

eral leading railroad issues. Atchison common, Chesapeake & Ohio, St. Paul preferred, New Haven, New York Central, and Union Pacific common rose \$1.50 to \$3. In conformity with germane precedents, tips to buy were numerous and urgent. They came from large and little pools who had been purchasers, some weeks ago, in anticipation of a turn for the better in the news from Flanders and Picardy. However, there was no liberal response from the dear public, which, as a natural result of bitter disappointments in 1917 and 1916, has become unusually wary and sophisticated in its financial philosophy. It is quite safe to predict, though, that the attitude of suspicion would soon disappear if the wire-pullers of Wall street were to see fit to raise quotations ten to fifteen points to the accompaniment of tales about marvelous earnings, higher dividends, absorption deals, fictitious "interviews," and other things of that kind. There's irresistible magic in a smart, vigorous, and sustained rise. The average petty trader succumbs to it no matter how many times he may have been duped and plucked on former similar occasions. The promising upward move of a few days ago came to a rather untimely end—exactly why no one seems to know. There were

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vague hints at renewed misgivings concerning war reports and severe industrial regulation, but they were too obviously professional and stale to deserve earnest consideration on the part of watchful observers, who have been deeply struck with the singular resiliency which prices displayed even in the worst moments of the Teutonic offensive. Of course it is possible, or rather probable, that the striking recuperative power of the market was partly the consequence of protective measures adopted by banking interests with a view to making the third liberty loan an inspiring success. A falling market would have caused a damaging curtailment of credit among investors and speculators. The present quotation for Steel common is 97½. As I pointed out in the MIRROR a week ago, the stock looks cheap, too

cheap, in fact, when one ponders the truly wonderful opulence of the corporation and the immensity of its war contracts. The finance committee declared the usual regular and extra dividends, that is, \$4.25 in all, on the common stock, and the fixed \$1.75 on the preferred, at the quarterly meeting. The statement for the first three months of the year disclosed total earnings of \$56,961,424 after deduction of operating expenses and \$31,585,198 for federal income and war excess profit taxes. The net income was \$48,449,817, or about \$100,000 above the record for the previous quarter, while the final surplus of \$15,032,520 indicated a decrease of about \$1,250,000. Monthly results increased from \$13,039,000 in January to \$27,196,152 in March, and thus substantiated reports of progressive betterment

in steel production. The statement does not compare favorably with the corresponding one in 1917. This, owing mainly to the levying of heavy war taxation in the interim. The actual amount earned on the common stock during the first three months of 1917 was \$17.98. For the like period this year the record was \$7.21, equal to approximately \$29 per annum. In closely figuring circles umbrage is taken at the relatively small profit of 5 per cent allowed by the government on magnitudinous orders awarded to manufacturers of cars, locomotives and ocean vessels. The fear is expressed that it foreshadows a material contraction in the earnings of many corporations with government orders on their books. Such will be the outcome, undoubtedly. But what's the use fretting over matters of this sort? Profiteering won't do at this extraordinary conjuncture in the life of the nation. It's ill-repute, because obstructive and subversive in its tendencies. The *Iron Trade Review* declares that "if the war requires it, the steel industry is prepared to put approximately 32,000,000 to 33,000,000 tons of rolled products annually at the disposal of the government. This is the literal meaning of the formal pledges now being given by producers to the government that their full capacity is subject to call, and that all commercial business is to be subordinated. The statement has been made by the steel director that military requirements are so large that they will absorb an output of 100 per cent in almost all lines. This is suggestive of the fact that unparalleled war demands are now approaching ultimate form." Washington continues to lay a heavy or suppressive hand upon industries designated as "non-essential." A few days ago producers of clay products were given to understand that the government would be pleased to see preparations on their part for filling war orders. Similar intimations have been sent to makers of pianos and other musical instruments. Automobile concerns have been informed that they will henceforth be unable to obtain their usual quotas of steel, and that it will be necessary for them, therefore, to cut their output of pleasure vehicles at least 75 per cent. There has been further liquidation of motor stocks in the last few days, in response to news from the capital, but the effects on values were not seriously damaging, the discounting having been in progress for several months. According to the *New York Tribune*, the average price of fifty stocks now is 74.24, against 86.48 a year ago. For twenty-five issues of bonds the respective records are 85.05 and 93.08. The *Analyst* places the index number of the food cost of living at 291.404, against 270.033 a year ago. Dun's index number of general commodity prices is 230.313, against 190.012. The March record of the total value of building permits in 148 cities was \$36,565,279, against \$81,336,583 for the like period in 1917, according to Bradstreet's compilations. There's good reason for the belief that the building trade will suffer further marked contraction throughout the country owing mostly to the avowed desire of Mr. McAdoo to preserve supplies of surplus capital for the requisitions of Mars. This must be weighed in connection with

the plan calling for an army of 5,000,000 men, and the statement in the senate that the national expenditures for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1918, will be at least \$20,000,000,000. Facts and figures such as these remind one of some paradoxical words of Balzac: "The possible is the true." Exchange on Rome established another absolute minimum when it fell to 9.03 lire the other day; since then the rate has recovered to 8.97. A further striking advance has occurred in the quotation for the Dutch guilder, which now is 48, against 45 two weeks back; parity is 40.2 cents. Drafts on London and Paris indicate no important changes, being \$4.75% and 5.71 francs, respectively. Reports from Amsterdam inform us that despite Hindenburg's tremendous campaign of conquest in France, the value of the reichsmark has not improved in the Dutch money market. It has, indeed, recorded another considerable depreciation. In terms of Dutch currency the value of 100 marks is 59.26 florins. On March 13 it was 41.90; on April 28 it was 40.90. During the same period a sharp decline has occurred also in the value of the mark as measured in terms of Swiss currency. The stock of the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. still is quoted at 43½, against 40¼ last December. The comparative immobility of the figure seems surprising in the face of an official report showing that the company's list of stockholders comprises more names than it ever did before. The exact record is 102,512, against a little over 100,000 in February. The number of foreign stockholders is given at 1,800, denoting a decrease of 1,180. The \$10,000,000 New York Central 4½ per cent notes which matured lately, have been paid off with funds advanced by the federal treasury. The total sum advanced to the company since the first of the year stands at \$13,000,000. The treasury charges 6 per cent interest. Quite thrifty financing, even in these stressful days. The price of New York Central stock remains at 69. Years ago it was valued at 175. Wonder what the old Commodore would say if he were about nowadays?

Finance in St. Louis

Although latest operations on the local stock exchange were on a somewhat enlarged scale, the actual results were not of striking interest. There were no material changes in valuations. Considerable activity was again noted in United Railways 4s, nearly \$35,000 of which changed ownership at 51.25 to 51.85¼. The tendency was mainly downward. Some of the preferred stock was taken at 18, against 25 last January. Five shares of the common brought 4.25. In sympathy with the general course in the prices of utilities securities, St. Louis & Suburban general 5s are down to 60. Ten thousand dollars of them were disposed of lately. In 1917 the high and low marks were 75 and 62. Of National Candy common one hundred and thirty shares brought 42.25 to 42.75. Profit-taking sales have thus far been absorbed with notable facility. Chicago Railway Equipment, a 7 per cent issue, still is held at 101.75; five shares were sold at this the other day. Somebody paid 123 for it a few months back—the highest on record. The inquiry for Certain-

reed common continues rather good, with the price at or close to 40. Ten shares of Rice-Stix D. G. second preferred were transferred at 97.25. This is a 7 per cent stock, the top mark for which last year was 104. Twenty-five Hamilton-Brown Shoe brought 127.50, forty-five Brown Shoe common 64.25, forty-seven St. Louis Cotton Compress 38.25, and five Ely-Walker D. G. common 110. The figure last given denotes an advance over the previous level. Of the second preferred ten shares brought 83.50. The shares of banks and trust companies are steady to firm. The demand for them is quite negligible, it being recognized that a movement of consequence is out of the question in prevailing circumstances.

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Latest Quotations

	Bid.	Asked.
Mech.-Am. National	250	
Nat. Bank of Com.	114	114½
United States Bank		198
Mortgage Trust	135	
United Railways com.	4	5
do pfd	18¼	
do 48	51½	52
Union Depot 68	97	
Certain-teed com.		40¼
do 1st preferred	89¾	90
Rice-Stix 2d pfd		98
Ely & Walker com.	116	
Hydraulic P. Brick com.		13
Hamilton-Brown	130	
Mer., Jac. & King pfd.	40	
National Candy com.	42	42¼

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Answers to Inquiries

SPECULATOR, Vinita, Ok.—The common stock of the Advance Rumely Co. is a decidedly inferior speculation at this time. There are no reasons for expecting a stiff advance at an early date. Nor can the quoted price of 13¾ be thought tempting. Nothing is paid on the common, and it is doubtful if the directors will feel justified in commencing dividends in 1919, when 6 per cent becomes cumulative. There are tips to buy the company's shares from time to time, but the rank and file of traders pay no attention to them. An upward movement of some importance might be witnessed in case the company decides to go into war business on an ambitious scale. The common stock's high points in 1917 and 1916 were 18½ and 21¾, respectively. If you wish to speculate, buy a dividend-payer, so that you may get something on your money in the event that your plans go wrong and you are compelled to carry the certificates for some time.

V. M. G., Salisbury, Mo.—There are no strong inducements for purchasing Virginia defaulted 6s (Brown Bros. certificates) for a speculation. The recent adverse decision of the federal supreme court puts them into a very dubious status. Prospects for voluntary settlement are not bright. The current quotation of 43 compares with a maximum of 61½ in 1917. Financial excursions of this sort should be eschewed under prevailing conditions.

READER, St. Louis.—The \$4 dividend on Miami Copper will be maintained indefinitely, according to Wall street opinion, and a further marked depreciation in the stock's value appears improbable therefore. The ruling price of 27 is not too low. International Nickel, also a \$4 stock, is quoted at 28. Kennecott

Copper is rated at 31¾. In 1917 the regular Miami dividend was \$6. The cut to \$4 was mostly the result of prolonged labor troubles at the Arizona mines. The ore reserves are estimated to insure heavy and profitable production at least fifteen years longer. An advance in the official price of the metal would doubtless cause moderate gains in the values of all leading copper shares, at least temporarily. The chief controlling factor is the war.

R. H., Columbus Neb.—United States Realty & Improvement 5s are not a superior kind of investment. They are indeed speculative in a considerable degree. The current quotation of 52 indicates this right plainly. The high point in 1917 was 64. On March 5 last 45 was touched, the lowest on record. While the company owns some valuable properties, it is very liberally capitalized, the total in stock and bonds exceeding \$28,000,000. Considered in the light of present conditions, the price of the bonds is not excessive.

MONEY, Buffalo, N. Y.—General Electric is quoted at 143 at the moment. This figure implies, obviously, that the \$8 dividend is considered safe, and that owners of the stock feel sure that they got their money's worth. The price fell from 171¾ to 118 in 1917. The latter represented minimum since 1908. So long as we have to reckon with the fluctuating fortunes of war, the values of all securities are bound to have their ups and downs in more or less startling degrees. In high financial circles the opinion is spreading that Germany's defeat is assured, that the process of discounting adversities was completed last December, and that another spell of panicky depression need not be feared. The General Electric is in fine financial position, and the stock should be picked up at especially favorable opportunities by parties who look for investments promising large speculative profits at some time or other.

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Getting On

Two Irishmen, who had been boys together in the same village, did not see each other for several years. "You remember my brother, Michael?" said Pat. "He's turned out a fine athlete and has just won a gold medal for a 100-yard sprint." "Good for him," replied Dennis, "but do you mind my uncle Maguire at Ballybently?" Pat was not quite sure that he had ever heard of him. "Well," resumed Dennis, "he got gold medals for half a mile, five miles, and ten miles; three silver cups for swimming, a marble clock for wrestling, two silver belts for boxing, and a heap of prizes for cycling." "Shure, he's the champion athlete, indeed," said Pat, with enthusiasm. "Not at all; not at all," exclaimed Dennis. "He keeps the local pawnshop."

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"To bad about Tom and the girl he's engaged to. Neither one of them is good enough for the other." "Where did you get that idea?" "I've been talking the matter over with both families." —Boston Transcript.

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